

NYE ON THE HORSE

William Meets a Doctor Who
Dilates on That Animal.

MAKING A COW LOVE HOME

Nye Once Had a Hunter Himself, His
Writes, Who Was Afraid of a
Great Many Things.

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EN ROUTE.

Last week we met an educator of the horse and the author of a work on "Preparatory Education of the Horse." He gave me due for review. He claims that very few horses, especially in America, have proper educational facilities, and many that they do have remain unimproved. "It is a common experience to find," says he, "horses of great intellectual capacity, yet middle aged and disappointed. Too many have left the count-



WITH THE DETECTIVE.

try and gradually drifted toward the great cities, especially New York, which has given more work for horses in street car and Fifth Avenue stage line circles than anywhere else, because she has been the last to adopt mechanical methods for pulling street rolling stock. All the country villages have had electric cars for years and years, and so the country horses, with swelling bosoms and swollen heads, have gone to New York, where they have suffered on in silence, but too proud to return.

"Sometimes an American horse is able to go abroad to finish his education, but very rarely. To travel and see America is the privilege also of but few. There are horses that have seen all of life in Australia and Europe, crossing the continent of America afterward."

The doctor regrets that the education of the horse has been so sadly neglected, and that the self-made or self-educated horse is the rule rather than the exception.

For some years the doctor, who is a veterinary surgeon, has occupied a chair in the Horse College for Diseases of the Eye and Ear. He is a Welshman by birth and has imported many Shetland ponies to this country. He has also brought over many beautiful sleek, contralto jacks to this country from Spain. They are held in high esteem by the people of Spain and are called ministers. This is no joke, but a living fact and not intended to reflect upon the clergy. (To the Editor—Probably this is too true for publication.)

The doctor says that he attended a royal ball fight at the capital, and, though accustomed to sights of great suffering, and having been through all the slaughter houses of Chicago and the abattoirs of Paris, he was still unprepared for the sad and sickening sight. He had come prepared to see the matadors, or whatever they are, knocked about by the bull to the lively music of the band and had hoped that one or two might be fatally injured, but they were not. Eighteen horses torn and mortally gored showed, however, that the fight had been a success. How different people are in respect to their pleasures and their methods of relaxation!

I think we all have something of the brute in us, but not in the same way. Some of us are as deadly and as cruel as the fox—for instance, like the detective. I met one the other day whom I had seen a year ago for a moment. We met on the corner of the main street, in front of the postoffice, and he told me why he was there. He was on the trail of a man who had wrongfully taken \$10,000 in government bonds. "I've found him," he said, "and now I am looking for the bonds."

"Why don't you ask some of these people who are coming for their mail?" I said, with a sneer. Then I asked him if the man was yet at large.

"Oh, yes," he said, "we are watching him to see where the bonds are. Oh, yes, you have to shadow a man sometimes for years. I went around the world shadowing a man last year. Saw everything and kept him in sight all the time. The bank paid the expenses without a murmur, except when I had charged the expenses of an engagement ring worth 300 kroners to the concern because I had to make love to the girl in order to pump the victim through his wallet, who was the girl's brother. They said 400 kroners was all they could allow on that. Hist!" he said, "here comes my bird now down the street, with no more idea that he's my blackberry than a man in the moon. Glance at him as he goes by, and I will look the other way."

I did so. He was a fair-haired young man, and as he went by he gave me a hard and sneering wink of the other eye.

Reports say that he has once more shadowed the vigilance of the detective, and as the bonds are not recovered, it is feared that they may not be recovered till next year, and possibly not at that time.

under the tail tie it by both ends forward to the surcingle, placing the stick horizontally. In one night he is cured. I had once a very fine horse, but he had this fatal gift of kicking when some one dropped the line under his tail. He would hug that line with his massive tail and kick everything into chaos and run like a frightened comet with its tail over the dashboard.

I got hold of this recipe and had faith in it. I have yet, but it is too much expense to take care of the man's family after he has put the broom handle under the horse's tail.

The doctor has another good cure for shying. It is a general rule, too, among good horsemen. It is in substance to lead the horse or drive him to the object, let him smell of it and put his nose against it, and he will never fear it again. That is common sense, but it must not be followed too closely. I had a very spirited hunter once with which I used to chase the fox whenever I could get out that would last me two or three years and come home to his meals.

This hunter was a clay bank filly named Lady Pinkham. She was afraid of nothing, it seemed to me. She would jump a rainbow if somebody would steady it for her, and I've known her to jump an exorbitant liverly and come home without a flutter of the nostril.

But I soon discovered that she was afraid of the bear, of which there were a great many on my estate. Well, now, how are you going to take a spirited horse and lead him up to a bear and then rub his nose over the bear?

You can't do it, you know. Then she was always afraid of a dead colored man hanging to a tree so I had to sell her.

She was also afraid of the limited train which goes past our place, but does not stop there.

Well, you can't lead a scared horse up to a limited train that is going at 60 miles an hour. It is undignified in the first place, and then again the passengers resent it. People don't want unknown horses to rub their noses against their private cars that way.

One of the most valuable things in the world is a recipe for making a cow come up at night. Much sorrow is felt in otherwise happy homes by that sad, sad question in the heart:

"Where is my wandering cow tonight?" Some cows are wild and gay. They become the heads of families before their girlhood is fully passed. They like still to spend the evening with other young people. Thus they do not come home where they often supply a family with milk and then get kicked in the stomach by the friendly hired man.

This staying out of nights with gay companions, on the part of the cow, leads down to the dark and cheerless beef barrel. It is sad, and it has to be stopped. You can stop it if you really admire and respect her. First teach her to love you and come to you whenever she wants a lump of sugar or a new pair of undressed kid gloves to eat. Win her heart; then you can be sure she will come home when there is no other place open.

Now get her to come and breathe her sweet tornado in your ear while you feed and pet her. Have prepared two straps three inches wide and just long enough to buckle around the knee—the cow's knee. Drive these straps full of tacks, with the points just penetrating the leather a fraction of an inch. Buckle them below each knee on the fore legs, and when she gets over her giddy evening with young friends of her own frivolous style she will kneel down by the side of her bed for a moment, as she should, but she will feel pained by the sharp tacks and will shake her head and snort, but after awhile she will examine another bed and try it. This also will hurt, and she will try to get the other bedders up with her to put in the night. She will lift them a little with one horn and then try them with the other, but they are snoring and will only shake their heads in a dreamy way or swallow their quid and shut their eyes again.



NYE'S HUNTER.

Then the irritated cow goes to a nearby tree and tries to knock it over as she utters a low moan. Sadly, by and by, she says to herself: "Well, by claim, I know of one place where I can lay down—or lie down, rather—and it is home. There is where I ought to be. There is where my little old waltzy calf is, and it is home. You be there on hand to take off the straps, and she will more than likely come home earlier than usual the following night."

I could tell many other interesting things regarding animal life, but space forbids.

The above, however, will show that we should not only make home more attractive than any other place, but we should also make all other places less attractive than home. I know one man who tried this recipe and overdid it. Now his cow won't go away from home, but finally remains in her room and has her meals brought to her.

Let us not overdo a good thing. The home should not be too alluring even to the loved child or husband. Some of our greatest men have won their richest laurels by being thrust forth from the home life and compelled to seek a lower social level, perhaps, and associate with people who knew more.

Bill Nye

Crinoline Again.

The civilized world is threatened with a terrible affliction. The fashionable dressmakers assure us that the hoop skirt is about to come in again.

There are some weird thoughts connected with this revival. There is the thought that if she doesn't like her

fore next summer? What if she lives and is very healthy and persists in playing tennis in order to remain healthy? Fancy playing tennis in crinolines!

As for dancing, that will have to be done at arm's length. A system of signals should be devised, such as hoisting colored lanterns or waving different flags, so that partners may communicate with each other. Kissing will probably become a lost art—at least among women—while the sweet, low voice which struck Shakespeare's fancy will not be up to the necessities of the new case.

How can a girl gracefully inhabit a hammock, or lean, sylphlike, over the edge of a boat, or spring lightly down from the dizzy heights of four-in-hands, or pursue any of the summer girls' joys, hampered by a large crinoline in which she is the solitary prisoner?

We shall also have a revival of the famous ballroom remark made by the escort of a young lady whose clothes had a particularly wide circulation. He was standing behind this desert of crinoline, in the center of which, oastlike, rose the damsel's head and shoulders. A friend approached him and said:

"I say, Jack, is Miss Brown engaged for this dance?"

"I don't know," was the reply. "Excuse me five minutes, and I'll go round in front and ask her."—London Answers.

A GREAT PROBLEM.

The Times When a Man's Hands Are Entirely Superfluous.

What can even a man who isn't self respecting do with his hands while immersed in a dress suit? "Let 'em hang, of course," will be the reply of the quick and penetrating reader, and no doubt that is the best thing he can do, but it occurs to us that it should not be so. The dress suit is defective; it is behind the age; it does not meet the requirements of civilized man. The man who can wear a dress suit and let his hands hang and swing about without experiencing a sense of discomfort shows an instance of staidism. Man originally, of course, let his hands dangle and whip about him in every passing wind. He also ate his food raw and lived in a cave with dark rooms, and perhaps a family in the next cave with children. In this primitive condition of life man had but little to do, so he did not find it difficult to look after his hands, even if he had no place to put them. But as he advanced he had other things to take up his attention and thought, and relief from the constant strain of attending to his hands became imperative. A place where his hands could repose in comfort while his active mind continued to wrestle with important problems was seen to be a necessity. The result was the invention of the trousers pocket, the natural home of the human masculine hands. Woman, not having any weighty thoughts like men, and consequently being free to look after her hands, has never developed any pockets for them.

One of the most difficult problems which the scientist has to encounter is why man, after having through long years of evolution developed a satisfactory pocket for his hands, should deliberately give it up in the dress suit. For the trousers of the dress suit, not always, of course, but in a majority of cases, we think, taking the country as a whole, are entirely wanting in pockets, or the pockets are rudimentary, or they are placed in such a position that it is harder work to keep the hands in them than it is to attend to them outside. Of course the man who puts on a dress suit every evening at 6 o'clock becomes in time accustomed to this unnatural condition in a measure, and even appears quite at his ease while his hands are loosely swaying at his sides. But even in his case it is largely the appearance of ease, and his thoughts frequently revert to his former pocketed state. But in the case of the man who wears his dress suit only half a dozen or a dozen times a year the positive misery involved in suddenly having a pair of orphan hands thrust upon him is always considerable, and frequently it is intense. It is lack of trousers pockets for his hands which makes a man forget all the good things he was going to say in his after dinner speech; he thinks of them easily enough the next day when he can get rid of his hands. It is the mental strain of getting along without trousers pockets which frequently brings a man home from an entertainment in a demoralized condition, which his wife foolishly ascribes to drink, when perhaps he hasn't had but five or six kinds of wine, with a little brandy and a miscellaneous liquor or two. Statistics show that only one young man in a thousand can successfully propose marriage in a dress suit, the difficulty being solely the amount of attention which his hands demand. It is hard, of course, for a woman to understand this thing, never herself having felt the need of a suitable retreat for her hands; but women are going to discover when they come to vote and to annex distant islands, not to mention learning to play poker, that they will have to have storage facilities for their hands or be left in the political race.—New York Tribune.

Dispense With Alimony. He declared that he loved her and believed her heart was not unresponsive. She pressed his hand, which was a real eloquent way of saying no, it was not.

"And yet?" His voice thrilled with sadness.

"I cannot ask you to be my wife."

"And why?" She was recoiling in alarm.

"Not, pray?"

"Because."

He faltered and then told her that with his limited income he dared not assume the expense of a matrimonial alliance.

She protested and urged that they could live for almost nothing.

"Live," he bitterly rejoined; "ah, if it were only living. But think!"

He rose indignantly.

"Of my paying alimony when I am only \$10 a week."

She did not hesitate. In that hour of trial the jewel of true womanhood shone with undimmed radiance.

"Listen!"

She maintained her arm about his neck.

"I will be economical. I will do without alimony unless you get a raise in salary."

He could only hold her to his bosom while his tears ran all over the puffs of her sleeves.—Detroit Tribune.

No Proxy.

An elderly man of solitary and staid whittened appearance sat down with great violence on the sidewalk near the corner of State and Madison yesterday afternoon to the serious damage of an irreparable suit of black and a shiny silk hat.

As he pined slowly to his feet, picked up

his demoralized hat and looked about him—his face purple with rage, his lips firmly compressed, the veins in his neck swollen, his features working as if in an epileptic fit, and his fingers opening and closing as though moved by an uncontrollable impulse to clutch something or somebody—a young man who was hurrying along slipped and fell at the same place on the sidewalk where the gray haired and solitary old party had come to grief.

"Blankety blank the dad binged, billy be dad busted slippery old coal hole covers to stagnation and back again!" he vociferated, picking himself up.

"Young man," exclaimed the elderly victim, graving him fervently by the hand, "I thank you! You have saved my life."—Chicago Tribune.

A Vernal Pedagogue.

One day as I rode along the banks of the north fork of the Kentucky river I came to a log schoolhouse, an institution usually conspicuous by its absence in that section. It was about 1 o'clock, and the teacher, a lank strip of humanity in homespun clothes, sat on a log watching a lot of noisy children at play.

"How are you?" I said as I pulled up and the children gathered around.

"Howdy?" he replied, driving the children away.

"Are you the schoolteacher?"

"Yes, I reckon I am."

"What kind of a school have you?"

"You haven't much competition?"

"No; education ain't popular in these parts."

"Don't the children like books?"

"Not unless they can tear the leaves outen 'em."

"Can't you make 'em study?"

"I've quit tryin'."

"How long have you been teaching here?"

"This makes the third term."

"And you can't make them learn?"

"No."

"Then what do you teach for?"

"Well, mister, bein as you're a stranger in these parts," he said in a half whisper, "I'm willin to say I teach 'r the \$2 a month and board around, and not another dern thing," and the unambitious pedagogue turned on his heel and went in after his scholars.—Detroit Free Press.

Some Real Children's Sayings.

Ten-year-old Ethel's expansive idea of wealth consists in possessing "nomillions of dollars," and her imaginary calculations never fall below this considerable amount.

"Auntie," she said one day, "do you know what I would do first thing if I had nomillions of dollars?"

Auntie confessed her inability to guess.

"Well," said Ethel, "I would hire somebody to listen to grandpa's old stories."

A lady from Kansas, accompanied by her little boy, was passing Bunker Hill monument one day while on a visit to Boston.

"There is Bunker Hill monument, Johnnie," said his mother, pointing to the huge pile.

Carefully surveying the structure, he asked, "Was Bunker Hill buried there, mamma?"—Kate Field's Washington.

He hadn't really intended to propose, but the age of the young woman in the case made her rather precipitous in her anticipation.

"Oh, Mr. Notpore," she exclaimed, blushing furiously at what she thought would be a proposal, "you are so sudden. Please give me time."

Mr. N. was not a man to be hurried over the battlements of emotion.

"Very well, Miss Bonypart," he responded. "I have no desire to inconvenience you. Just take all the time you want. I'll call around again in a dozen or fifteen years. Good morning."

—He had went before she recovered. —Detroit Free Press.

He Found Out.

"Evelina," said Willie as he thought that a bright thought hit him, "why am I like a dicebox?"

"Because you are about to be shook," answered Evelina as her taper fingers glanced over the keys in a dreamy movement, and Willie drifted out in the snow, and Evelina never knew why he thought he was like a dicebox.—Philadelphia Call.

A Tragedy.

The Tramp (at the side door)—Yes, mum. Your little dog run out an bit me, dernum!

The Hostess—Little Fidobit you? Poor little thing! And you, you wretched man, I don't suppose you care—even if—

—he's—boo-hoo—p-p-p-oisoned!—Chicago News-Record.

A Great Crop.

"Hullo, Morley. How are you? Haven't seen you since you turned farmer?"

"No."

"Raise anything on your farm last year?"

"Yes. A beard."—Harper's Bazar.

For Revenue Only.

He—Would you love me more, dearest, if I were rich?

She—I think not. It would not be necessary. In that case I could marry you without loving you at all.—Indianapolis Journal.

An Agreeable Message.

"Mayer," said the principal on the 20th day of the month to one of his clerks, "my memory is so treacherous I forget everything. Just remind me on the 1st to give you notice to quit."

The Modern Way.

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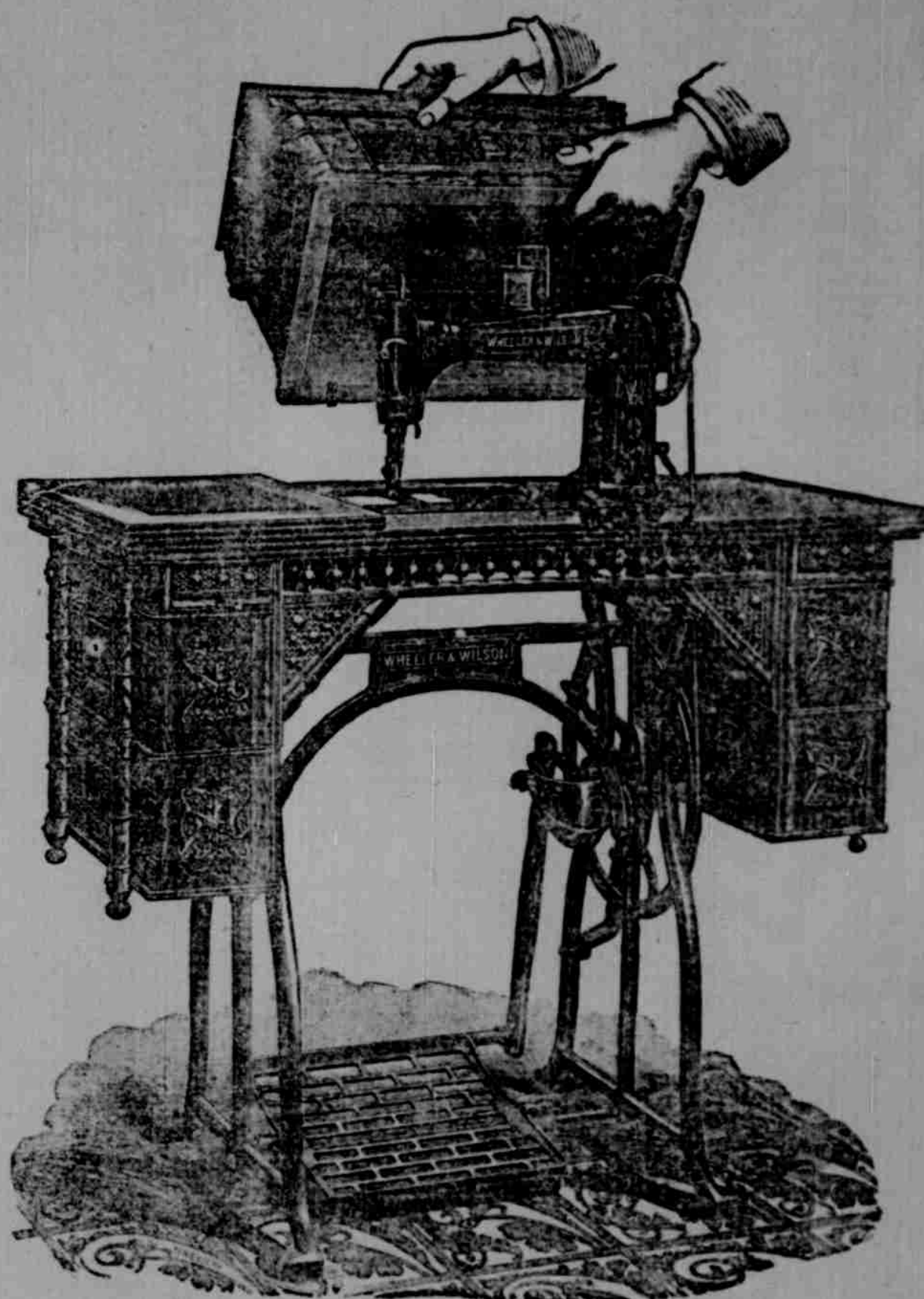
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